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My Hated Rival and a Lame Horse

By C. C. Hahn

I had left the lady of my heart at her home in a little village in the northern part of the state while I came to the city to make my fortune. In the meantime, however, Marian Phillips was true, and life would have run along very peacefully had it not been for a hated rival. He had money, while I was, as yet, a mere clerk. And there was no one in the little up-country town to say a word in my defense except one person, her Uncle Tom.

At length there came a heart-rending letter from Marian in which she told me of dire persecution to compel her to marry my rival, and closing with an expression of fear that there was a conspiracy on foot to kidnap her—on some pretext or other to get her over into Canada, where she could be concealed from me, or at least kept where the laws of the land would not permit her to marry against the wishes of her parents.

I did not give much thought to the latter possibility, but the fact that Marian was afraid was enough for me and I started back home the next day. I likewise took along a wedding suit. At Dixington we reached the end of our journey by rail, from which place an old-fashioned stage line perpetuated its franchise by means of an open spring wagon with three seats. In the waiting room of the station, I met two fellow travelers whom I had seen on the train but had not recognized. Years had passed since I had met Mr. and Mrs. Giles, the respected uncle and aunt of my hated rival. The revelation of their identity filled me with undefined fears. What was the object of their journey back from Massachusetts to the old home at this most suspicious occasion? Could there possibly be some foundation for Marian's fears of a compulsory marriage, or a flight into Canada?

"I Started Back Home the Next Day."

face. Thankful that they did not recognize me, and unwilling to reveal myself at that time, I gave my name as James Lacey, of Springfield, when we negotiated for seats with the stage driver. A breakdown near a small town created a diversion in the monotony of the trip, and, walking on to the village, which was only a mile away, I hired a two-seated sleigh, and inviting Mr. and Mrs. Giles to accompany me, we renewed our journey. Again Fate seemed to have it laid up for me. We had gone no more than half a dozen miles when one of the horses went dead lame, and we barely reached a halfway house by night. The driver assured us the team would be all right by morning.

Half an hour later, I saw a team standing in front of the tavern—a team so exactly like the one behind which we had labored for a day, that I ran out to ask our driver what he meant by hitching up again. Rushing around to the barn I found the driver in conversation with a long, loose-hung young man with a feeble jaw and hay-colored hair, dressed in his Sunday best.

"All right, Hank," I heard the driver say, and with an involuntary start I stepped back into the shadows. Hank Collins was my hated rival, and this was he!

"Be sure and rub my team down well, Pat," my rival was saying. "I've got to get back to Elmdale tonight. Came over to hire Johnson's two-seated sleigh. Just got news that I will have to run over into Canada."

I began to reason. Either Hank Collins must not get to the old home tonight or I must get there before him. But how? Then the thought of how his spirited team exactly matched my own lame and tired one flashed through my mind and my plans were laid in an instant.

"Pat," I said, after the driver had returned with Hank's team and stabled it. "Have you had your supper?" "Nary a bit."

"Go and get it as soon as you have rubbed down the team. And—here's \$5 for saying nothing."

"Sure I can do that easy." "I must get on to Elmdale tonight. The lady and gentleman who were with me will come in the morning. Say nothing about it, but after you get your supper come out and hitch up for me."

"But that lame horse!" "The hour's rest will make him all right!" He mumbled a little, but the \$5 bill was a wonderful argument. As soon as he was gone I changed the location of those two teams, so that the lame horse was in Hank's stall and his fresh team standing where Pat had left my own weary one.

This job safely accomplished, I went in to my own supper, recalling as I stepped inside the house that, in a moment of forgetfulness, I had signed my true name, Mark Hathaway, on the register, and there was my hated rival standing at the desk reading the list of guests.

Whatever scheme might be on foot, I soon noticed that the nephew was making a successful attempt to avoid the uncle, who clung persistently to my side. At length, however, we cornered one another at the hall entrance, and to my amazement the younger man was embarrassed at meeting his relative.

"You here?" was his only greeting. Uncle Silas grabbed him by the hand and hastened to introduce me as "Mr. James Lacey, of Springfield."

"Mr. James Lacey, of Springfield," repeated Hank, open-mouthed in astonishment. "Why, I thought—" "I am glad to learn," I hastily broke in, "that you have been able to arrange your trip to Canada."

Hank shot a gleam of hate at me as his uncle exclaimed: "Going to Canada? You don't mean to say—" I withdrew, and 15 minutes later Pat and I were on our way to Elmdale, conscious that if Hank followed he would have an all-night job with a lame horse. Before midnight I had told the whole story to Uncle Tom, and early in the morning we drove over to Marian's.

Hank was not there, but his father was, and he glared at me in such a belligerent manner that I immediately took Marian in my arms and kissed her.

"Young man," he said, spreading a pious mask over his face, "do you mean to say that you have come up here to take this innocent girl away from her home and friends and marry her against their wishes?"

"I certainly intend to marry her," I replied, taking Marian's little hand in mine. "Oh, Marian, Marian," continued Pa Collins; oh, little Marian, who has been in my Sunday school class and grown up under my eye, kin you, I ask, kin you so far forget yourself as to marry this man?"

"I certainly can and will," came firmly from "little Marian."

"Then," spoke up Uncle Tom, "the laws of the country having been complied with, I as clerk of the county of Wooster certify that you are man and wife."

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When a man could lose money cheerfully at cards it would be somebody else's. Spit, Quit, Fit.

Hines, Ala.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Eula Mae Bradley says: "I used to spit up all I ate. I was tired and sleepy all the time. My head ached and I could hardly drag around. Since taking Cardui this has entirely quit, and now I feel quite fit. Mrs. Bradley suffered from nervous indigestion. Cardui builds up the nervous system and strengthens the womanly constitution. That's why Cardui helped Mrs. Bradley and why it will help you. Try it."

"Does that Mexican general follow the Spanish custom and keep saying to-morrow?" "No; he has improved on it. He says 'day after to-morrow.'"—Washington Star.

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A well known Des Moines woman after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

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The Debtor—Well, old man, I'm going to marry a rich widow next week. The Creditor—Indeed? Well—ah! congratulate me, old chap!—Toledo Blade.

STAGE REALISM.

Clara Morris Spent Days Studying the Insane and Those Afflicted With Heart Disease.

No actress ever surpassed Clara Morris in the care with which she studied for a part. When she was studying the part of Cora in "Article 47" she visited an insane asylum in order to learn the signs of insanity. Cora was not only insane, but she was disfigured by a hideous scar as well. Miss Morris spent weeks in trying to secure a correct representation, and one day she saw in a street car a woman who had exactly that kind of disfigurement. She studied it and reproduced it, but her kindness of heart shrank from reproducing it in such fashion that the sufferer might recognize it if she ever saw the play. So she worked over it until she made enough alterations to feel certain that no one, not even the owner of the original scar, could ever suspect the imitation.

When she was studying the part of Miss Moulton, who was to die of heart disease, she visited a specialist who had a number of patients suffering from that trouble. He showed her one of his patients and then, to her surprise and horror, ran the sufferer up a flight of stairs that Miss Morris might see the symptoms as produced after an excitement of the heart. Miss Morris was filled with pain and pity. She made the poor patient a present of a bank bill as she was leaving. The woman accepted it and then as she was stuffing it into her glove caught sight of the figure on the note. The size was so large that it brought on a recurrence of all the symptoms—the starting eyes, the gasping breath, the widening nostrils. This time the heart excitement was caused by joy, not pain, but Miss Morris was so overcome with horror and sympathy that she hurriedly left the house.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

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